

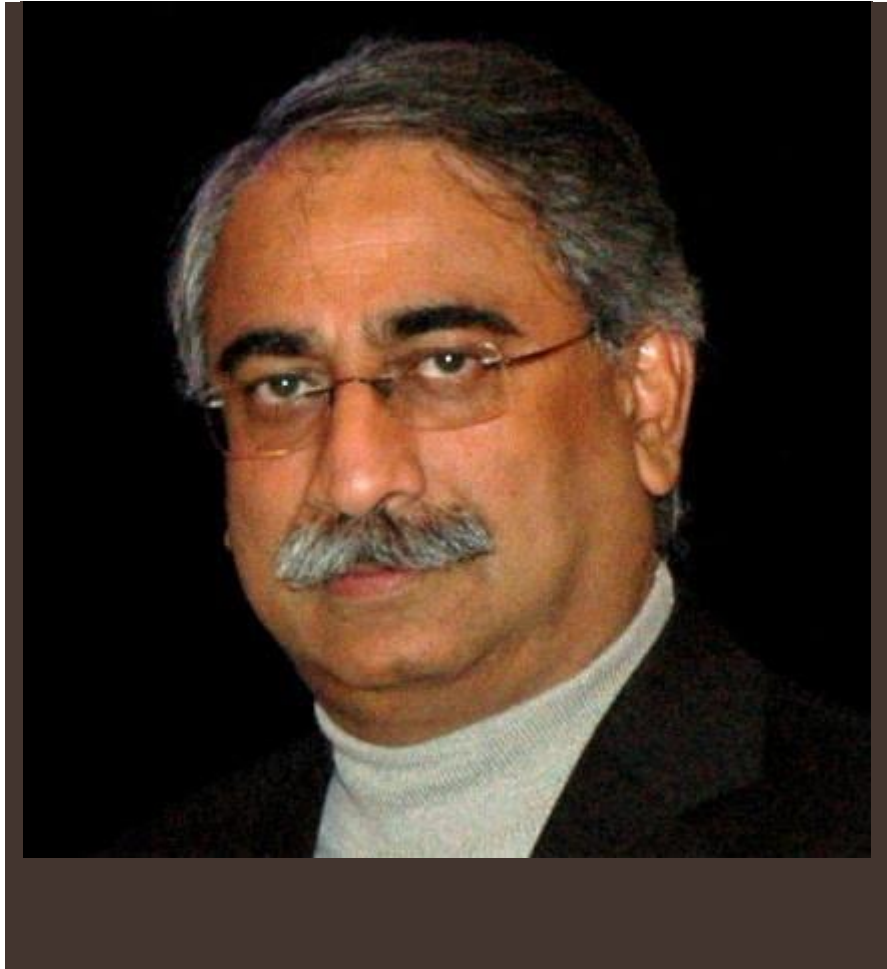
بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

## **DMC CLASS OF 1985 DIGITAL MAGAZINE**

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## **A TRIBUTE TO FARRUKH HASHMI**

EDITED BY: SALEEM A KHANANI AND SAMEENA KHAN

## FROM THE HOLY QURAN

**In the name of Allah, the  
Beneficent, the Merciful**

Alif. Lam. Mim. (1) This is the Scripture whereof there is no doubt, a guidance unto those who ward off (evil). (2) Who believe in the Unseen, and establish worship, and spend of that We have bestowed upon them; (3) And who believe in that which is revealed unto thee (Muhammad) and that which was revealed before thee, and are certain of the Hereafter. (4) These depend on guidance from their Lord. These are the successful. (5) As for the Disbelievers, Whether thou warn them or thou warn them not it is all one for them; they believe not. (6) Allah hath sealed their hearing and their hearts, and on their eyes there is a covering. Theirs will be an awful doom. (7)

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

الْم (١) ذَٰلِكَ الْكِتَابُ لَا رَيْبَ فِيهِ  
هُدًى لِلْمُتَّقِينَ (٢) الَّذِينَ يُؤْمِنُونَ  
بِالْغَيْبِ وَيُقِيمُونَ الصَّلَاةَ وَمِمَّا  
رَزَقْنَاهُمْ يُنْفِقُونَ (٣) وَالَّذِينَ  
يُؤْمِنُونَ بِمَا أُنزِلَ إِلَيْكَ وَمَا أُنزِلَ مِنْ  
قَبْلِكَ وَبِالْآخِرَةِ هُمْ يُوقِنُونَ  
(٤) أُولَٰئِكَ عَلَىٰ هُدًى مِنْ رَبِّهِمْ  
وَأُولَٰئِكَ هُمُ الْمُفْلِحُونَ (٥) إِنَّ  
الَّذِينَ كَفَرُوا سَوَاءٌ عَلَيْهِمْ ءَأَنذَرْتَهُمْ  
أَمْ لَمْ تُنذِرْهُمْ لَا يُؤْمِنُونَ (٦) خَتَمَ  
اللَّهُ عَلَىٰ قُلُوبِهِمْ وَعَلَىٰ سَمْعِهِمْ  
وَعَلَىٰ أَبْصَارِهِمْ غِشَاوَةٌ وَلَهُمْ  
عَذَابٌ عَظِيمٌ (٧)

NOTES: The conventional translation of muttaqi as "God-fearing" does not adequately render the positive content of this expression - namely, the awareness of His all-presence and the desire to mould one's existence in the light of this awareness; while the interpretation adopted by some translators, "one who guards himself against evil" or "one who is careful of his duty", does not give more than one particular aspect of the concept of God-consciousness.

Al-ghayb (commonly, and erroneously, translated as "the Unseen") is used in the Qur'an to denote all those sectors or phases of reality which lie beyond the range of human perception and cannot, therefore, be proved or disproved by scientific observation or even adequately comprised within the accepted categories of speculative thought: as, for instance, the existence of God and of a definite purpose underlying the universe, life after death, the real nature of time, the existence of spiritual forces and their inter-action, and so forth. Only a person who is convinced that the ultimate reality comprises far more than our observable environment can attain to belief in God and, thus, to a belief that life has meaning and purpose. By pointing out that it is "a guidance for those who believe in the existence of that which is beyond human perception", the Qur'an says, in effect, that it will - of necessity - remain a closed book to all whose minds cannot accept this fundamental premise.

Abu Darda (RA) reported that Rasulullah (SAW) said, "Nothing is weightier on the Scale of deeds than one's good manners." (Al-Bukhari)



Abu Hurairah (RA) said, "I heard Abu al Qasim (Rasulullah (SAW)), say, 'The best among you in Islam are those with the best manners, so long as they develop a sense of understanding.'" (Al-Bukhari)

Rasulullah (SAW) said: "The most beloved of Allah's servants to Allah are those with the best manners." (At-Tabarâni and Albani)





## **FARRUKH HASHMI OUR PAPPA** **A TRIBUTE BY MARIYAM, SUNBUL AND SUNDAS**

**O**ur Papa" is a strong and generous man. Not only is he my biggest cheerleader in life, he is my best friend. He is always willing to help anyone in need and he will go to amazing limits to accomplish just that.

There are so many people that have approached me and my sisters throughout the years saying things like, "Do you know what great man your father is and do you realize how lucky you are to be his daughters." We didn't really understand why people said this to us



back then simply because we were too young. We hadn't gone through the ups and downs in life to understand what a helping hand truly was.

As we got older we began to realize how caring and supportive he is. He will stop at nothing to ensure his daughters happiness and success. He treats us as individuals and cares about our needs and wants individually as well. He is the kind of guy that looks at a cup

as being half full rather than half empty and his optimism and energy is contagious.



He is a father to me and my sisters as well as all of our friends growing up. Everyone refers to him as Papa and they would love coming over to our home and spending time with our family. He has earned

the love and admiration of so many of our friends let alone his own friends and colleagues.

He is the one that inspired me and two of my other sisters to pursue Medicine. I don't ever expect to fill his shoes but I hope to always try and keep his legacy



alive and well. He has stuck by his family and friends through the ups and downs of life. He truly is an angel on earth and we are more the blessed to call him our Papa.



## TRIBUTES BY FRIENDS

### **SAMINA KHAN, DMC Class of 1985**

To say that Farrukh Hashmi is a close or even best friend would be incorrect. Farrukh is family. Ever since my earliest days at DMC he has been a source of support, humor, encouragement and (I can't believe I'm saying this but...) wisdom.



I remember very clearly when I first went to DMC I was warned about a mischievous guy nicknamed "Qaidi Abrar", that I should stay away from, because he was impossible to handle as he could make fun of even a wall or a lamp post... But then, how could I not check the authenticity of the information for myself?

Thus began a lifelong bond of deep understanding that has proven to stay strong and steady over the period of 37 years.

You might remember Farrukh as a lean young man with intense eyes shrouded in a beard and mustache. You may also agree that he is twice the man he once was (literally), albeit sans that thick black trademark beard. But for me he was always a



source of inspiration and strength. (Oh no, what am I typing here??)

Our friendship has a unique quality that makes it stand out among the best of friendships. He is the brother that I could never have imagined after my own was

taken away so early in my childhood and he is also my sahaili with whom I can share all the gossips that reach me.... He is my confidant with whom I can share my joys and heartaches with equal trust, without any reservations and he is also my buddy with whom I can share the cheapest of jokes without the fear of being judged.

Throughout the years although life has changed us, our bond has persevered if not grown stronger despite time and distance. He has been a support not only to me but also to my children. Along with me and my kids this wizard has amazingly managed to win the trust and respect of my husband who is always full of praises for him. Even my parents loved him deeply and always wished him best in life.



I am proud to call him my friend and am thankful to Allah to have given me the chance to cross paths with this noble soul, my dearest friend, Farrukh Hashmi.

I wish him all the joy and success in the world. He deserves the best because he is the best.



## Farrukh Hasnain Hashmi: Friend and Brother

Izhar Khan

Friendship isn't about whom you have known the longest...It's about who came, and never left your side.

In August 2012 my family and I visited my sister in Seattle. We had a fantastic holiday in what I regard as probably the most progressive and liberal city in the United States. One of the highlights of our visit was meeting my dear friend Farrukh Hashmi who very kindly travelled a hundred odd miles to meet me.

My earliest encounter with the bon vivant and friend of friends was in the heady days of DMC. We came from different colleges but had in common the fact that my father worked in the Defence Science and Technology Organization, not too far from the Naval Hospital. Farrukh too had a military background and lived near the area where my father worked in the vicinity of PNS Shifa. Our friendship was strengthened and nurtured by our shared political vision and interests.

Soon we ended up as room-mates in the famous (or infamous) room 23 in Dow's Hostel 2, a room where three of my uncles and a second cousin had stayed since the 60s. It would be a tad inappropriate to regale my friends with the more colorful details of our adventures, suffice it to say that we had some memorable times in Hostel 2 with friends including Muslim Jami, Ashok Kumar, Shahbaz Malik, Masroor Alam, Wahid Bhatti, Raja Munir, our dear departed Afaq Muzaffar Butt and Khalid Saleem.

During exams Farrukh used to follow a set, almost military regime. He was an early riser and used to set a clock to time his revision. Whilst revising he enjoyed listening to the latest offerings from Michael Jackson, Neil Diamond or John Denver and consuming vast quantities of bread and butter with tea. From my manji I used to observe him sitting on his desk wrestling with Cunningham's dissectors or trying to fathom the finer points of human physiology under the sensual gaze of a gigantic Suzi Quatro poster, which adorned our room. The mega revision sessions were interspersed with visits to the hostel balcony from where he used to shout orders for fresh toast and eggs from the boys of the hostel cafe.

Nights were reserved for merriment and the company of friends where all manners of topics, from girls to politics were discussed and the world put to right; and in the early hours of the morning we often headed for the back alleys around the Hostel for paratha, omelette and doodh patti chai.

So after decades, we met again in Seattle. Farrukh very kindly took me and Nino to the amazing EMP Museum in downtown Seattle and over lunch near the Pike Market we

recalled our memories of old. Time flies quickly in the company of friends and alas we parted too soon.

In Aberdeen when friends meet and part we have a saying, "*happy to meet, sad to part, happy to meet again*". Farrukh Hashmi, my friend and brother, may you live long and happy and may we soon meet again.





## FARRUKH IN PHOTOS



بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم



## ASMA SYED, DMC 1985

Imagine.

Someone *really, really important* is coming to visit you. Surely, you would cook, clean, shop, prepare and plan everything for them, well ahead of time. You would make sure they are comfortable and well taken care of. You would ascertain that everything is perfectly ready and adequately in place before they arrive.

Now imagine someone coming to visit you that is even more important than that....more precious, more valuable, more honorable. Wouldn't you prepare even more and give it the best you got?

Well, the best month of the year, the most blessed and most precious, is coming up. The month that brings the fragrance of Jannah and the sweetness of Imaan....the tears of Taubah and the forgiveness of your Lord. And it's bringing with it a night that is equivalent in worship and reward, to more than a thousand months.

Wouldn't you want to prepare for that?

Wouldn't you want to be ready for it with all your heart and soul so that you don't miss this great opportunity?

They say the more prepared you are for something, the easier it is for you to handle it and the greater the chances that you will be successful at it.

And what better opportunity to prepare for something than preparing for the blessed month of Ramadhaan.

This is a month of Rahmah and Barakah, a month of taubah and istighfaar, a great opportunity for training oneself... to give up your bad deeds and build on your good ones.

So what to do?

## Mental Preparation

Prepare yourself mentally, physically, emotionally and spiritually for this great month. Be really excited for this upcoming month and be *absolutely determined* to do your utmost best and exert yourself for this magnificent month of Forgiveness and Mercy from your Lord. Race with one another and compete with each other for it.

Come on.

Be excited. Be energized. Get electrified.

Get all pumped up and feel vitalized.

After all, this is a time when the gates of Jannah are all open. W..I..D..E open.

And all the gates of Jahannum are closed. Yes, alhamdulillah CLOSED.

And here is a chance for you to get all your sins forgiven.

Get invigorated and motivated. Realize that the month of Ramadhaan is a month of amazing ibaadah and intense dua, astounding khushoo' and remarkable hope, sincere taubah and extraordinary istighfaar.

And it is NOT a month of laziness or sleeping, cooking and feasting, or just being plain grouchy and irritable.

Don't let the thought of the heat or the long day get to you or dampen your spirit. It is only the Shaytaan trying to play with your mind and spoil this wonderful time for you.

## Purify your intention

The next thing to do is to purify your niyyah from now: you are going to fast because it is the order of Allaah and NOT because it is culture or your family does so, or even because you want to lose weight. Fasting is a deed absolutely loved by Allaah and you want to please Him.

يَا أَيُّهَا الَّذِينَ آمَنُوا كُتِبَ عَلَيْكُمُ الصِّيَامُ كَمَا كُتِبَ عَلَى الَّذِينَ مِنْ قَبْلِكُمْ لَعَلَّكُمْ تَتَّقُونَ

"O you who believe, fasting has been prescribed for you as it has been prescribed for people before you so that you will (learn how to) attain Taqwa" [al-Baqarah, 2:183]

## **The Qur'aan and You**

Have full intention from now, to read as much of the Qur'aan as you can.

Love the Qur'aan. Build a close relationship with it. Realize that these are the Words of your Lord....Words that will take you to Jannah, your Ultimate Goal.

Don't just read it with your eyes. Read it with your heart. Let it sink in your soul. Savor the joy and cherish the delight in reading the Book of Allaah. Taste the sweetness of Imaan. Don't be in a rush to quickly finish the reading. Rather, take your time to ponder over the words and understand the meanings. Don't think..."when am I going to finish this Surah? Rather....when am I going to implement this in my life?"

Remember, nothing is sweeter and more pleasurable than the ayaat of the Qur'aan that you can understand.

## **Lots of Sujood**

Prepare yourself to do plenty of sujood....long, drawn out sujood, in Taraweeh and Tahajjud. Feel close to your Rabb when you do that sajdah. Realize that this is most honorable position for you...placing the thing you value most, your head, on the ground, humbled before your Creator. You are the slave and He is the Master. You are the 'abd and He is your Owner.

## **Dua, Dua and more Dua**

Resolve from today, to make a lot of dua. Make a dua list. Prepare it from now. And when you sit down to break your fast, or when you stand in front of your Creator in Salah, in Taraaweeh or in the middle of the night, or any time during the night or day, spread out those hands and ask al-Kareem, the Most Generous, the One Who gives to one and to all. Make sincere, heartfelt dua whenever and wherever you can. Don't let a moment slip by. And don't forget to be thankful to the One Who gave you everything.

## **True repentance**

Be ready from now to do abundant istighfaar, lots and lots of it. Do it every single day. In the darkness of the night, when the whole world is asleep, have full realization, that this is no ordinary time, no time to waste away sleeping. Ar-Rahmaan is calling. Wouldn't you want to respond??

So knock on the door of the Almighty. He is al-Ghafoor, the Oft-Forgiver and you are nothing....just a weak and sinful human being. Bend your head with shame, and cry. Cry



like you've never cried before. Ask for His forgiveness. Make firm resolve never, ever, to go back to your sins...never, ever to do those bad deeds again. Go ahead...spread out those hands and be sincere and then be certain He will surely respond.

## **Determination to change for the better**

Most importantly, have firm determination from this moment on, to continue all the good deeds and habits that you will develop during Ramadhaan to continue even after Ramadhaan is over. Remember, you are not a good Muslim just during a special month of the year. Rather you are a Muslim throughout the three hundred and sixty five days. Use the upcoming month of taqwa and training to coach and develop your nafs, to cultivate virtuous deeds and actions and to give up your bad ones.

Tell me, are you going to let all that hard work of fasting, waking up in the middle of the night, reading all that Qur'aan, standing up for Taraaweeh and prayers, and all that dua go to waste???



### Other tips:

1. Make a schedule or time-table for all your activities during Ramadhaan and write it down. Allocate times for reading Qur'aan, waking up for tahajjud, cooking, sleeping, etc and stick to it. You will find you have much more time at hand now that you are organized about your activities.
2. Get to know the rules of fasting from now, so that your fasting can be closest to the Sunnah and thus be more beloved and acceptable to Allaah.
3. Clarify any doubts that you may have and don't be afraid to ask a scholar.
4. Cleanse your heart of any anger, hatred, grudges, etc from now. And forgive everyone. That's because forgiveness is delayed for the one who has anger and grudge against his Muslim brother/sister.

The Prophet (sal Allaahu Alayhi wa sallam) said: "The gates of Paradise are opened on Monday and Thursday, and everyone who does not associate anything with Allaah is forgiven, except a man who has had an argument with his brother. It is said: 'Wait for these two until they reconcile, wait for these two until they reconcile, wait for these two until they reconcile.'" (Muslim)

5. Finish up on your Ramadhaan and Eid preparation, cooking, shopping, etc. from now so that you can free up all the time during Ramadhaan for Ibaadah.

6. If you are like most people who give their zakat during Ramadhaan, get it all calculated and worked out before the month starts.

7. Don't spend all day in the kitchen. Remember this is a month of fasting, not feasting. Our focus should be on fasting and Ibaadah, **not** on food.



To conclude, think positive and have firm resolve.

Strive with all your effort to do your best so that this will be an amazing, awe-inspiring, heart-stopping experience of a lifetime.

Your *best* Ramadhaan ever.

Set your goals at the highest.

Don't settle for anything less than JANNAH!

May Allaah enable us to make this our best Ramadhaan, one that is accepted by Him and He is pleased with. Ameen.

And Allaah knows best.



## POETRY BY DOWITES

### SYED KHALID ANWER

LOVE THE THINGS YOU LOVE!

Read the things you like, like the things you read

Write the things you like, like the things you write

Listen to the things you hear, hear the things you listen

See the things you look at, look at the things you see

Feel the things you touch, touch the things you feel

Taste the things you eat, eat the things you taste

Convey the things you feel, feel the things you convey

Love the things you love, love the things you love

Love is the unfinished business

### AYESH IDRIS

منتظر،

کترانے سے کچھ نہیں ہوتا

جو عمر کی نقدی لٹا دی

وہ اک گم گشتہ یاد ہے اور بس

تمہاری ذات تمہارا سرمایہ ہے

سو کچھ خیرات، دان کر لو

اس زندگی کے لاکھوں پل کی اگر زکوٰۃ بنے

تو اس پہ میرا بھی کچھ حق ہے

کبھی ہم میں تم میں کچھ بے نام بندہں تھا

اس ناتے میری جھولی میں چند مسکان ڈال دو

میری حسرت کہیں حسرت ناتمام نہ رہ جائے

!کہیں تو کسی آہ کی زد میں نہ آجائے میرے محبوب

میں منتظر ہوں کب سے تیرے دیار،

... اور تو بس گیا جا کہ غیر دیار

## POETRY BY DOWITES

### A LOVER 'S WISH

Feeling nostalgic today  
Remembering the day  
When we met in the memory lane  
The road of memory in which Iain  
The culmination of yester years  
Love, deceit , anger and tears  
And as you left and moved on  
Where there was nothing but oblivion  
Beyond which there was nothing  
You never looked back to see my suffering  
And disappeared in yourself cavern  
Not knowing whether you will return  
And as the grief sucking time  
And the hours flitting away  
your image still shimmers in my brain  
Brings hot surface tears with the pain  
Holding my gaze  
In a moment of daze  
With my bated breath and sullen eyes  
My heart heavy with cries  
Waiting for you to reappear  
As our fates are together  
And as our love swerves  
And our souls arouse  
the veils will fall  
And there will be no wall  
Between you and me  
And the time will see  
When my eyes and yours  
Once more to meet  
And the lovers will greet  
Each other and vowing  
To be always together  
For ever !!!!

Waqar Siddiqui



## گھٹن باہر نکلنے دو

اگر سینے میں جلتی آگ لفظوں کا دھواں بن کر نکلنا چاہتی ہے  
تو نکلنے دو

گھٹن کو تو نکلنا ہے  
یہ دل کو چیر کر نکلے

فشارِ خون یا فالج کی صورت میں نکل جائے  
یا لفظوں کی تمازت بن کے ہونٹوں سے پھسل جائے  
گھٹن کو تو نکلنا ہے

تمہیں آخر مری تفہیم معانی پر شبہ کیوں ہے؟  
مجھے معلوم ہے لفظوں کے معنی کب بدلتے ہیں  
اگر میں یہ نہیں جانوں کہ کب لفظوں کے معنی وہ نہیں ہیں جو لغت میں ہیں  
اگر میں یہ نہیں سمجھوں کہ کب جملے مطالب ترک کر کے بس گھٹن کو دور کرنے کا  
وسیلہ ہیں

تو برسوں کی رفاقت نے مجھے پھر کیا سکھایا ہے؟  
مرے دل نے تجارت یا غلامی تو نہیں کی ہے  
مرا دل وہ ہے کہ جس میں عقل و دانش سے سچی آزاد الفت ہے  
سمجھ اور معرفت کے رنگ میں ڈوبی محبت ہے

لہذا اپنے سینے میں دبکتی آگ کو باہر نکلنے دو  
گھٹن کو تو نکلنا ہے

گھٹن لب سے نکالو قلب کی تپہیر ہونے دو

سید رضی محمد

## NAZNEEN – A SHORT STORY

SALEEM A KHANANI

وہ بھی جہاں دیدہ عورت تھیں۔ بڑی رازداری کے ساتھ ایک دائ کو وقتاً فوقتاً لے کر آجائیں۔ نازنین کی حالت ٹھیک نہیں تھی مگر کسی کو بتانا مناسب نہ تھا۔

اس طرح تو ہوتا ہی اس طرح کے کاموں میں۔ ایک نازنین جاتی ہے تو دوسری اس کی جگہ لے لیتی ہے۔ ہاں وقت تو لگتا ہے۔

آخر باجی بھی تو اپنے وقت کی نازنین تھی اور بڑی باجی بھی۔

زچگی کے دن قریب آ رہے تھے۔ نازنین کی حالت مزید بگڑتی جا رہی تھی اور باجی کو یہ خدشہ لاحق تھا کہ کہیں دوبارہ اس صورت حال سے واسطہ نہ پڑے۔

ڈاکٹر در شہوار باجی کے سماجی حلقے میں ایک ماہر اور قابل اعتماد gynecologist سمجھی جاتی تھیں۔ وہ اس طرح کی نازک صورت حال سے نمٹنے اور راز کو راز ہی رکھنے کے وسیع تجربہ کی حامل تھیں۔

نازنین کے ایک ہی معائنے کے بعد انہوں نے باجی سے کہ دیا کہ Cesarean section ہی بہتر ہوگا۔ اگر بیٹی ہوئی تو آئندہ کے لیے بروقت انتظام کر دیا جائے گا۔ نازنین کو یہ بتانے کو کی ضرورت بھی نہیں تھی۔

کچھ بھی ہو باجی کی دنیا میں لڑکیوں کو زندہ درگور نہیں کیا جاتا تھا بلکہ ان کی لڑکوں سے زیادہ بہتر نگہداشت کی جاتی تھی۔ آخر کو یہ رسم لڑکیوں نے ہی نبھانی ہے۔ یہیں سے دنیائے فلم کے افق کے نئے ستارے ابھرتے ہیں۔ یہاں ہر لڑکی پہلے نازنین بنتی ہے اور پھر کسی کی باجی۔

سارے اخراجات نازنین کے ڈاکٹر نے خاموشی سے ادا کر دیئے۔ آخر ان کا یہ اخلاقی فرض بنتا تھا۔ نازنین نے ایک چاند سی بیٹی کو جنم دیا جو اس کی پہلی اور آخری اولاد ہوگی۔ اسے باجی بننے کے لیے کچھ تربیت کی ضرورت بھی ہوگی اور کچھ وقت بھی لگے گا۔

باجی اور ان کی بڑی باجی اس کار خیر کے لیے بالکل تیار تھیں۔ یہ سلسلہ صدیوں سے جاری ہے اور جاری رہے گا۔ مردوں کے بنائے ہوئے معاشرتی نظام میں عورت کو اپنی بقا کے لیے کئی روپ دھارنے پڑتے ہیں۔ کبھی ماں، کبھی بیٹی، کبھی بیوی اور کبھی صرف نازنین۔

نازنین کے پاؤں زمین پر ٹک ہی نہیں رہے تھے۔ پاؤں تو کیا وہ پوری کی پوری ہواؤں میں اڑ رہی تھی۔ اور کیوں نا اڑتی؟ آخر یکے بعد دیگرے اس کی دو فلمیں مقبول ہو چکی تھیں۔

فلمساز تھے کہ اس کے ارد گرد چکر لگا رہے تھے۔ اخبارات اور فلمی رسالے لیڈی ڈایانہ سے بڑھ کر اس کی تصویریں چھاپ رہے تھے۔

مداحوں کے خطوط کی گنتی ممکن نہ تھی۔ ویسے بھی اس نے پانچویں جماعت میں حساب میں صرف تینس نمبر ہی لئیے تھے۔ گنتی اور پہاڑے اسے زہر لگتے تھے۔ اسے تو ایک ہی شوق تھا کہ پیسے ہوں اور بہت سے ہوں۔ کچھ لوگ تو شادی کی پیشکش بھی کر چکے تھے مگر اس کی باجی نے صاف کہ دیا تھا کہ عورت اور خاص طور پر ایک مشہور ہیروئن کو آزاد ہی رہنا چاہیے۔

باجی اپنے آپ کو نازنین کی بڑی بہن کہتی تھی۔ دونوں کے نقش و نگار میں بھی کافی مشابہت تھی۔ نازنین نے کبھی اپنے ماں باپ کو نہیں دیکھا تھا۔

کئی بار باجی سے پوچھا مگر ایک ہی جواب ملا کہ میں نے تمہیں ماں کی طرح ہی تو پالا ہے۔

دونوں کچھ عرصے پہلے ہی لاہور کے ایک مشہور زمانہ علاقے سے نکل کر نئی کوٹھی میں منتقل ہوئی تھیں۔

نازنین خوبصورت ہی نہیں جوان بھی تھی۔ ارد گرد بھونرے منڈلاتے ہوں تو پھول کا بھی دل چاہتا ہے کہ کوئی اس کا رس چوس لے۔ نازنین کو کچھ عرصے بعد اپنے اندر کچھ تبدیلی محسوس ہوئی۔ باجی کو یہ اندازہ کرنے میں دیر نہ لگی کہ نازنین کے اندر ایک اور جان پرورش پارہی تھی۔

انہیں فکر اس بات کی تھی کہ نازنین بیک وقت تین فلموں کی شوٹنگ میں مصروف تھی۔ انہوں نے اسے سمجھا دیا کہ کسی سے اس کا ذکر نا کرے اور ڈائریکٹروں سے کہ دے کہ اس کے سین تین مہینوں کے اندر ہی کر لیں کیوں کہ وہ گرمیاں گزارنے لندن چلی جائے گی

تجربہ آخر تجربہ ہوتا ہے۔ نازنین کو تقریباً روز ہی منلی ہو رہی تھی اور پاؤں بھی سوچھ جاتے تھے مگر باجی کی حوصلہ افزائی سے اس نے اپنی ساری شوٹنگ مکمل کر لی۔ اس کے جسم کے خد و خال تبدیل ہونا شروع ہو رہے تھے۔

لندن جانے کا بہانہ کر کے وہ اور باجی اپنی نانی کے گھر چلے گئے۔ تھی تو وہ نانی مگر باجی انہیں بھی اپنی بڑی باجی ہی کہتی تھی۔

## پہلی دعا، وادی گم، انٹے سیریل، پہلی قسط



امروز بیس کیمپ میں یہ ہمارے قیام کی پہلی رات تھی۔ بلند و بالا پہاڑی سلسلے کے چھوٹے سے برفانی کٹاؤ پر ایستادہ رنگا رنگ خیموں میں حسب استطاعت کوہ پیماؤ کا سامان تھا۔ منزل سب ملکیتوں کی ایک۔ آئندہ کی چوٹی کو سر کرنا۔ جب سوکھی لکڑیوں کے دھکے لائے برفانی اندھیرے کو دھکیل دیا تو حلقہ بنا کر بیٹھے ہر رنگ، نسل اور عقیدے کے کوہ پیما، آکی کو متوجہ دیکھ کر خاموش ہو گئے۔ چھوٹے قد کا توانا اور تجربہ کار تبتی شہپا آکی اس مہم میں ہمارا قائد تھا۔ کیمپ کی اترائی میں کمر کی چادر اوڑھے دور تک پھیلی وادی گم تھی اور سامنے برف کی دیوار نما عمودی چڑھائی جس کے آخر میں کہیں آئندہ کی چوٹی تھی۔ کیمپ میں کچھ عرصہ قیام لگے مرحلے کے لئے بدن اور ذہن کی تیاری کے سبب ضروری تھا۔ آکی نے خاموشی کو توڑا۔ دوستو تانخ بادشاہوں کا روزنامہ نہیں۔ یہ عام انسانوں کی جد و جہد کی کہانی ہے۔ وادی گم میں اپنے جد ہومو سیپینز کی بائیس ہزار سالہ سچی کہانی سمجھے بغیر ہم آئندہ کی چوٹی تک نہیں پہنچ سکتے

وہ کچھ دیر کو رکا۔ چھر دوبارہ گویا ہوا۔ اس وادی میں سب سے پہلے قدم نوڈس کے ہیں۔ شکار اور غذا بخش نباتات کے متلاشی خانہ بدوش، جنہوں نے بیس ہزار سال ق م میں، غاروں میں اجتماعی زندگی کا آغاز کیا۔ فلسفہ پتھروں کو تراش کر لوکیلے کارآمد اوزر اور ہتھیار بنانے۔ ہزار سالہ جد و جہد کے بعد، موجودہ روس کے علاقے میں شکار کی ہڈیوں اور پتھروں سے پناہ گاہیں بنائیں۔ فرانس اور اسپین کے سرحدی علاقے میں قدیم رنگ دار جڑی بوٹیوں سے محفوظ غاروں کی چٹانوں پر اپنے شکار کی تصویری داستان کندہ کی۔ وہ پہلے تخلیق کار تھے جنہوں نے کائنات اور اپنے شعور کے جواز کو سمجھنے کی فنکارانہ کوشش کی۔ یہ بھی ممکن ہے کہ تصویروں سے بچے یہ غار خطرناک شکار سے پہلے جان بخشی کی مذہبی رسومات کے لئے پہلی عبادت گاہیں ہوں۔ نارسا سے جڑنے کی پہلی کوشش، حقیقت اپدی کی بارگاہ میں پہلی دعا

## **Karachi leads the way to Railways**

**Sohail Ansari**

As Saleem asked me to write again, I pondered what would be the next best thing to cover and yet continue with my theme on Karachi. As it is mid-May while this article is being conceived, there can be nothing better than to commemorate a very significant moment in the history of Karachi, and indeed Pakistan, that occurred 154 years ago on 13th May 1861.

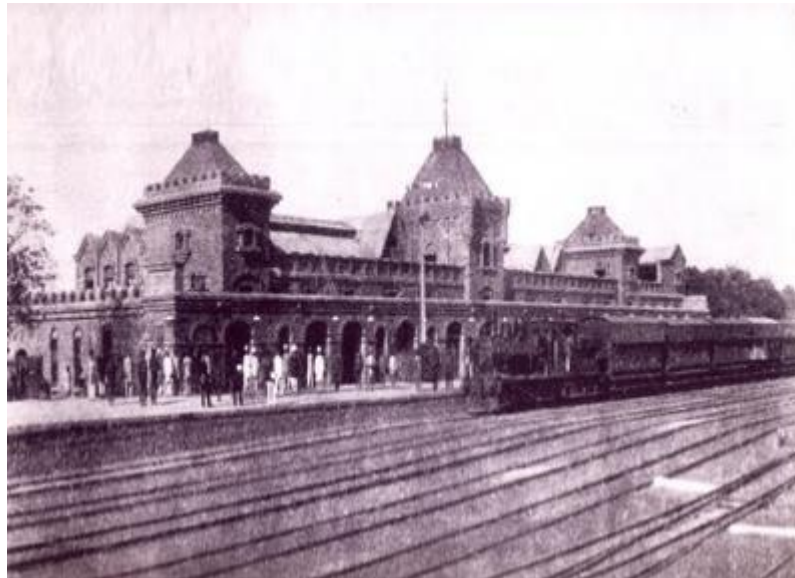
I find it difficult to imagine how people would have viewed a monster such as a train, that they would have never seen before, in those days when there was very inadequate information and media.



Following invasion of Karachi with subsequent conquest of the rest of Sindh, Charles Napier had a vision and saw Karachi as a major commercial as well as a military route to Punjab, Afghanistan and Central Asian states. Invasion of Karachi was part of a bigger strategic plan to access that route under the wake of threat from Russia. For that purpose physical communication links were much required and the infrastructure at best was nearly non existent as there were no roads worthy of mention, particularly in Sindh. Rivers were used for transportation but facilities were rudimentary. Sir Henry Bartle Frere, who was the then Commissioner of 'Scinde', had plans to see Karachi as a major seaport and for that purpose it needed links with the rest of Indus and beyond. In 1851, he recommended a railway line to connect the port. Colonel J.P. Kennedy presented a memorandum in 1952 for railway links to



Punjab and Sarhad. Lord Dalhousie, the then Governor General of India, agreed with the proposal and gave his approval for the Karachi - Kotri Railway Line Project in 1853. The ambition was to ultimately connect with Euphorates.



As a consequence of that decision, Pakistan inherited a rail network stretching more than 5000 miles at independence in 1947. Like the modernisation of postal system (which I wrote about in one of your previous issues), Henry Bartle Frere and Karachi took the lead in leaping into provision of the railway network in this part of the world which was very unique in those days. On May 13th, 1861 the first engine left the station in Karachi and was witnessed by an astonished crowd. I narrate here an account leading to that momentous occasion.

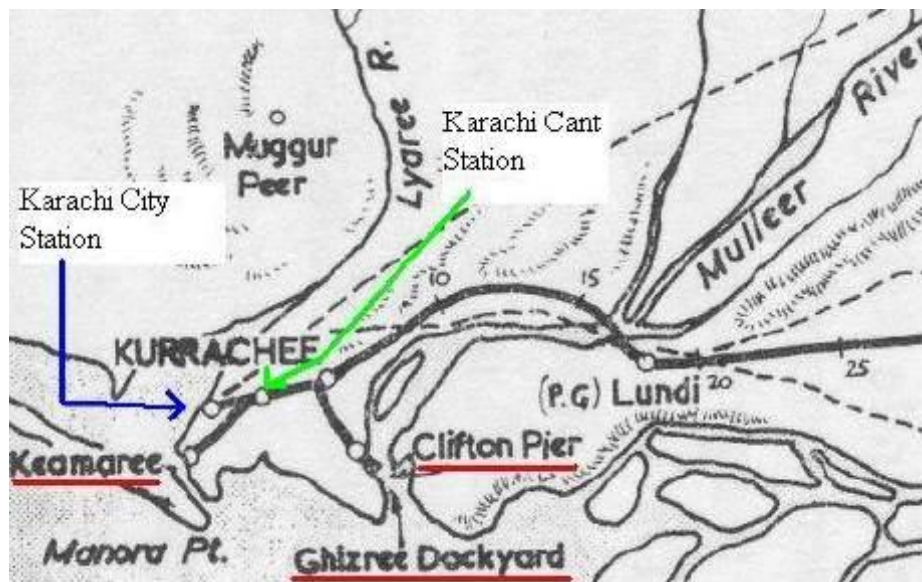
Until 1848, there was not a single kilometre of railway line in entire combined India of that time. Its first railway was built by the Great Indian Peninsula Railway between Bombay and Thane which opened in 1853.

Once, the project of Karachi-Kotri Railway Line met the approval of the Governor General of India in 1853, Scinde Railway Company was formed in 1855 in London and a contract was signed between Scinde Railway Company and East India Company in January 1856 for this 108 mile stretch. The company was also entrusted two other projects, Indus Steam Flotilla and Punjab Railway, a line from Multan to Amritsar via Lahore. These three projects were under three distinct capitals. Karachi-Kotri railway line was seen as the neck of the funnel. Karachi had a population of 60,000 but it was rapidly growing.

John Brunton was appointed in 1857 as Chief Resident Engineer on this project. His son William Alexander Brunton obtained an appointment as an assistant engineer with Scinde

Railway Company in the same year. Whereas, Edward Snowball served as the locomotive superintendent for five years from 1858 to 1863.

Henry Bartle Frere inaugurated the project on 29th April 1858 and he wheeled the first barrow load of earth at the site of a railway embankment in Karachi. In 1859, two small stretches of Railway line become functional in Karachi city limits. One was from Kiamari to Railway Workshops near present day Karachi Cantonment Station which swerved from present mainline near Karachi City Station and crossed near the Boat Basin. The other one was from Railway Workshops to Gizri Harbour; this other part has been uprooted. Railway Workshops were located near the present day '*kala pul*' just north of Karachi Cantonment Station, at the junction of the Gizri branch with the mainline.



The workshop consisted of a sawmill, smiths', fitters', tool shops, iron and brass foundries engine and carriage erecting facilities, heavy machinery and the needful tools.



## Workshop

Karachi-Kotri section had thirty two bridges built to cope with the high rate of flash floods; Twenty five of these bridges are masonry arched bridges with spans of between 20 feet and 45 feet. Of the viaducts, Malir Viaduct was particularly challenging piece of engineering.



Malir Viaduct

The project was finally completed in three years and opened for rail traffic on May 13, 1861 making it the first railway line of what was to be Pakistan between Karachi City and Kotri. The cost of this railway line came out to Rupees 250,000 per mile.

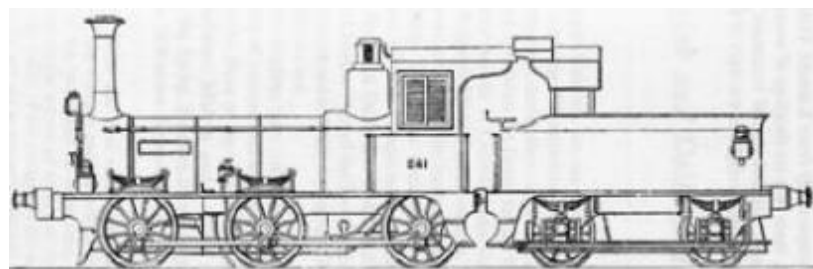


Karachi City Station

However, the work continued and by 1897 the line from Kiamari to Kotri was doubled. In the meanwhile other portions of railway line were also constructed in Punjab; in 1885 The Scinde Railway, the Indus Flotilla Co, the Punjab Railway and the Delhi Railway, working in a single company, were amalgamated into the Scinde, Punjab and Delhi Railway and the company was purchased by the Secretary of State for India. The following year it became the North Western State Railway, which was later on renamed as North Western Railway.

John Brunton presented a detailed report on the project to Institute of Civil Engineers on 14th April 1863 highlighting the way work was carried and the various difficulties faced, getting a varied workforce of carpenters and artisans from Cutch, labour from Baluchistan, clerks from Sindh, European foremen and the officers from among the local British. As well as reported the development of train signalling. How carefully the workforce was managed to keep them engaged, daily wages and looking after their health from the hazards of water and insects and animals. Acquiring land, avoiding the villages, obtaining the material needed for construction, natural encounters and spiralling costs were covered in the report. An earthquake shook Karachi on 9th April 1861 causing cracks along the line which were fixed with hoop iron bonds and led to similar recommendation for the rest of India.

In his memoirs, John Brunton, described the challenges of buying off hostile princes and the day a rabid wolf ran through his camp outside Karachi. "In India a record is kept of all fatalities arising from attacks of wild beasts, snakes etc – and on this occasion the return gave 12 men bitten, of whom 10 died, and a large number of cattle". He wrote, "The natives of Scinde had never seen a locomotive engine, they had heard of them as dragging great loads on the lines by some hidden power they could not understand, therefore they feared them, supposing that they moved by some diabolical agency, they called them *shaitan*. When I got out my locomotive for trial the Karachi natives were astounded. I drove the engine myself of course at a slow speed – the natives thronging all round, I was fearful of some accident. At last I thought I should frighten them away, so I blew the engine steam whistle loudly. Instantly they all rushed back from the “Demon” falling over one another much to our amusement.'





Karachi City Station is the first and oldest in Pakistan. When completed in May 1864, it was called McLeod Station. Karachi Cantonment Stations was originally named as Frere Road Station. Its construction commenced in 1896 and was completed in about two years at a cost of Rs. 80,000.



Karachi Cantonment Station

